FRONTISPIECE.

FRONTISPIECE.

THE

POLITE AMUSEMENT,

OR

YOUNG GENTLEMAN AND LADIES

COMPANION;

CONTAINING

A NUMBER OF ENTERTANING DIALOGUES,
FABLES, &c.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A VARIETY OF

MODERN ENGRAVINGS,

SUITABLE TO THE

SUBJECTS.

By W. BEWS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD BY ALL THE
BOOKSELLERS IN LONDON, EDINBURGH, &c.

M,DCC,XCI.

THE

PREFACE.

THE vulgar notion of bringing children and youth to a diſpoſition and love for reading, by putting into their hands, books wrote not only in the loweſt taſte, but ſuch as border too nearly upon vice and immorality, and give a wrong biaſs and turn to the mind, vitiate the underſtanding, and leave bad impreſſions behind them, is ſo palpably groſs, that one would hope common prudence, and a very little conſideration, ſufficient to correct ſuch a glaring error, where any regard is paid to the important work of education.

How far the following Dialogues may be entertaining or uſeful, either in correcting the miſtakes, or improving the capacities of thoſe for whoſe benefit they are intended, muſt be ſubmitted to the candid reader. The learned critic may find many inaccuracies, both in the compoſition and language, but it may be obſerved, the author is not writing to the learned world, but to children and youth; and if it anſwers no higher an end, it is perhaps a conſiderable ſtep towards their advancement in the paths of virtue and piety, to take off their attention, by ſome innocent converſation or amuſement, from things calculated rather to impoveriſh than improve their tender minds.

THE

The CONTENTS.

A Dialogue between Fanny and Jenny, on Lying 1
A Dialogue between Sally and her Governeſs, on Prayer, - - - 5
A Dialogue between a Maſter and his Scholar, on Fiſhing, - - - - 9
A Dialogue on Fowling, between Billy and his elder brother Charles, - - - 13
A Dialogue between Polly and her Mamma, on Death, 17
A Dialogue between Robin and his Mother on Deformity, - - - 22
A Dialogue between Miſs Patty and her Pappa, on the Sagacity of the Ewes and Lambs. - 28
A Dialogue between Emilly and Harriet, on Detraction, - - - - 34
A Dialogue between Jemmy and his Mamma, on the Tulip, - - - 39
A Dialogue between Maſter Joſeph and his Siſter, 46

FABLES IN VERSE.

The Wolf and Porcupine, 51
The Monkey and Cat, ib.
The Gnat and Bee, 52
The Fox and Stork, 53
The good-natur'd Man and Adder, - ib.
The Dove and Bee, 54
The Nurſe and Wolf, 55
The Fox and Grapes, 56
The Two Pots, - ib.
The Miſer and Ape, 57
The Lofty Pine, - 58
The Aſs, the Ape, and the Mole, - ib.
The Thief and his Mother, 59
The Monkey who had travelled, - 60
The Leopard and Fox, 62
The Fox and Crow, 63
The Crab and her Daughter, - 64
The Fox and Cock, 65
The covetous Man and the Orchard, - ib.
The Woman and Death, 66
The Diſobedient Son and his Child, - 67
The Partial Judge, ib.
The Mouſe and Frog, 68
The Dying Eagle, - 69
On a flock of Linnets, 70
On the Singing of a Sky-Lark. - ib.
On the Roſe, - 71
On the Bee, - 72
A Dialogue between a Black Bird and a Sportſman, ib.
Uſeful Queſtions happily Reſolved, - 74

DIALOGUE I.

BETWEEN

LUCY AND SYLVIA,

ON LYING.

Lucy. WHAT makes you look ſo dejected, ſiſter? I hope you have met with no ill uſage from any one in the family.

Sylvia. No ſiſter, my uneaſineſs does not ariſe from the cauſe you have mentioned, but I am afraid my mamma is angry with me.

Lucy. Your mamma angry with you, for what? You never ſaw your mamma angry with any one without reaſon; but pray, why do you think ſhe is angry with you? I fancy if ſhe was, ſhe would ſoon acquaint you with her reaſons for it.

Sylvia. No, but I think. I can perceive it by her countenance, ſhe has rather frowned upon me all day, than ſmiled, as you knew ſhe frequently does upon all of us that ſhe has reaſon to believe are obedient to her commands, and I am ſure, I would never wiſh to diſpleaſe her.

Lucy. I have not perceived any thing like what you ſeem concerned about, in my mamma's behaviour; I am afraid, ſiſter, you are conſcious of having done ſomething that is not right, which is

the cauſe of your preſent uneaſineſs.—Come, prithee tell me freely, if it be ſo; we are alone, and I ſhall not do any thing that may add to your grief, but all in my power to relieve you.—Come, dry up your tears, and do not trifle; I am impatient to know what has befallen you.

Sylvia. I am aſhamed to tell you; but as I hope you will have the good nature not to expoſe me, I will venture. You may remember my mamma ſent me this morning to Mr. Weſt's, to enquire how couſin Molly and all the family did; and as poor Molly has been ſo long ill, I ſuppoſe my mamma was the more impatient to know how ſhe did, and my not making ſo much haſte as I might have done, has diſpleaſed her; ſhe told me I had ſtaid to chatter with ſome of my acquaintance, which was but too true, for I met with Miſs Taylor, and could not poſſibly get away from her; I believe ſhe kept me near half an hour; and for fear of offending my mamma, I told her couſin Molly was not awake, and the nurſe kept me till ſhe could give me an account what night ſhe had had, which ſhe could not do till ſhe awaked, and ſhe was fearful of diſturbing her, before ſhe had taken her natural reſt! but I am ſorry I did it, and have never been eaſy ſince, for I am very ſure, my mamma, has a ſuſpicion, if not a certain knowledge, that I have deceived her.

Lucy. I am glad, ſiſter, to ſee you under any concern for having done amiſs; but ſorry you ſhould not only deceive your mamma, but be guilty of an offence againſt God. Surely, you cannot be inſenſible of the meanneſs and cowardice of lying; if you had ingeniouſly told my mamma the truth, I am very ſure ſhe would have forgiven you; but now you may be ſure, ſhe will ſuſpect you, when you do tell truth; this is the diſadvantage every lyar is under;

under; they are always ſo ſuſpected, that it is hard for them to gain credit, even when they have truth on their ſide, and appear ſincere in delivering it.

Sylvia. I am very ſorry I have diſobliged my mamma, and beg you would let her know it, and aſk her to forgive me; I am aſhamed to do it myſelf; but if ſhe will be reconciled, I'll promiſe never to do ſo any more.

Lucy. If I thought you would keep ſo good a reſolution, ſiſter, I would do all in my power for you, and do not queſtion but I could prevail with mamma to paſs it by. But you may remember, I remarked ſomething more to you than merely offending mamma; ſurely, you have reaſon to aſk the great God of the univerſe pardon, for having offended him. If your mamma can perceive, (as by her behaviour you ſeem to think ſhe does) that you have diſpleaſed her, certainly God who knows the ſecrets of all hearts, that ſees the behaviour of all of us, both in publick and private, muſt be ſenſible of the offence you have committed againſt him and his laws. And not only ſo, but you muſt conſider every fault that you commit, is more than doubled in the ſight of God, when you tell a lie to excuſe it; for though you may deceive your mamma, you can never deceive God.

Surely, if the birds of the air can carry the voice of him that curſes the king, and that which hath wings can tell the matter, (as Solomon obſerves in the 10th of Eccleſiaſtes and the 20th) you can never wonder at the providence of God, bringing to light a variety of ſins and follies of his creatures; you ſee your own uneaſy conſcience would not let you reſt, without deſiring forgiveneſs from your mamma, whom you have offended. It is a very great bleſſing to have your conſcience tender; whatever you do, take care to prevent its growing

hard by ſin and folly. Remember God's eye is always upon you, and he can eaſily puniſh you for your crimes, though he never neglects to reward and bleſs thoſe children that are faithful and obedient to his commands.

Sylvia. If you have the good nature to ſolicit my mamma in my favour, I hope you will join with me in begging pardon for my offending God, and as I did not mean to offend him, I hope he will the ſooner be prevailed upon to forgive me.

Lucy. I hope ſo too, ſiſter; but give me leave farther to adviſe you, (though I hope my advice may not be neceſſary) if ever you fall into any miſtake again, without any heſitation or delay, modeſtly acknowledge your fault; by this you will not only obtain pardon from thoſe you have offended, but gain a reputation by it, that will be a means to eſtabliſh your credit with your friends; for whoever thinks you ſincere, in your preſent condition, may with much more reaſon expect to find you innocent in your future conduct.

A POEM.

HAPPY the wiſe victorious youth,
That pays a ſtrict regard for truth,
Nor pleaſure, pain, or youthful health,
Nor raiſed hopes of flowing wealth,
Nor proſperous gales, nor checking rod,
Can tempt him, to offend his GOD.

If you for dignity conteſt,
Let virtue always be your creſt,
By virtue you'll immortal gtow,
As virtue in itſelf is ſo.

Whate'er your ſtate in life may be,
Still let your heart and tongue agree.

A DIALOGUE

A DIALOGUE *between* SALLY *and her* GOVERNESS *on* PRAYER.

Governeſs. WHY Sally you are very briſk and lively this morning, the more ſo, as you have a holiday I imagine.

Sally. I am not diſpleaſed with it, Madam, but I have reſted much better this laſt night, than I did ſome nights paſt.

Governeſs. I fancy child you have, by your lying ſo long this morning; and if ſo, I hope you have not forgot to acknowledge the goodneſs and mercy of your heavenly Father, who has not only preſerved you in peace and ſafety, during the night, but raiſed you up in a healthful and active ſtate of life this morning! If you had roſe an hour or two ſooner, and taken a walk with me in the fields, I could have ſhewed you a pretty example of a little creature, that ſeldom forgets to praiſe God; (perhaps many hours in the morning before you awake,) and charms all the inhabitants around him, with his chearful and pleaſant notes; and does it all without being called upon by his parents or friends!

Sally. I believe, Madam, I underſtand you; I ſuppoſe you mean ſome pretty ſinging bird; but it is natural you know for thoſe little creatures to ſing, and ſo very common, that one ſeldom minds them.

Governeſs. Why, child, is it not natural for you to praiſe and admire your Maker, your kind and gracious Protector, by whoſe providence you are preſerved every night, and every day of your life? And is it not much more reaſonable, when you conſider the powers and faculties that God has beſtowed upon you, and the proviſion of food and raiment that he daily affords you, that ſuch a Be-

nefactor ſhould as often hear you chanting forth his praiſes, as the birds of the air?

Sally. I am ſenſible, Madam, God feeds the birds of the air, that neither ſow nor reap, nor gather into barns, (as my Bible tells me) and he likewiſe clothes them with feathers, which are ſufficient to defend them againſt the cold.

Governeſs. Yes child, and they pay him the moſt dutiful acknowledgments they are able. No ſooner does the light of the day appear, but we find them ſoaring aloft towards heaven, and exerting all the little powers he has given them, in chanting forth his praiſes, to the ſhame of many of his rational creatures, who are under far greater and higher obligations, as they have received more and greater benefits from him. How often does he recover us from ſickneſs and diſeaſes! It is not long, my dear, ſince he brought you back from the borders of the grave; and therefore, you have ſtill more reaſon to praiſe him.

Sally. I would always wiſh to do it, Madam, for I have had a great many inſtances of his mercy and goodneſs; but do you think, that God, who is ſurrounded with the praiſes of ſo many angels and glorious ſpirits in heaven, and adored and worſhipped by ſo many of his miniſters and ſervants here on earth, will take any notice, or pay any regard to the prayers or praiſes of ſuch little creatures as children?

Governeſs. Surely, my dear, you forget yourſelf; do not you remember what Chriſt himſelf, the Son of God, ſays in your New Teſtament; *ſuffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of ſuch is the kingdom of heaven.* It is the duty of all reaſonable creatures that depend upon him, to pay him ſuitable acknowledgments; for you ſee his bleſſings and favours are not con-

fined

fined to the angels and glorified ſpirits in heaven, nor to his ſaints upon earth. You and all your little play-fellows, the birds, the beaſts, and every creeping thing, is receiving mercies and benefits from him, in ſome degree or other, every day of your lives.

I have obſerved you to be very thankful to your Pappa, for the little play-things and trifles that he has given you, and hope you will always be ſo, as is your duty; but ſurely, it is much more your duty, to be grateful to your heavenly Father, who does more for you in one day, than all your friends in the world are able to do in their whole lives. He not only takes compaſſion on you in all your infirmities, but has a power to relieve you in all your diſtreſſes, as well as a will to do it. You may remember the Scripture tells you, *like as a father pitieth his children, ſo the Lord pitieth them that fear him*; and every one that fears him, as they ought, will certainly pray to him, and praiſe him.

Let this be your work, my dear; the little birds, as I told you, will ſet you an example; if you will riſe with the ſun, and walk into the fields in a morning, you will be ſure of their company, if you have no other, and may join in concert with them. This will not only tend to the health of your body, but give you an opportunity of improving your mind, by an obſervation of the various beauties of the creation. Here you will be ſurrounded, not only with the harmony of the airy ſongſters, but the refreſhing influences of that glorious heavenly body the Sun, as he makes his firſt appearance over the Eaſtern hills, diſpels the ſhades of night, and gives a chearful countenance to the whole face of nature. The bleating herds, the lofty towering

trees,

trees, the rural fields, the blooming flowers, and an infinite variety of the ſweets of nature. All or any of theſe delightful ſubjects will afford you ſufficient matter for meditation and praiſe, for wonder and amazement.

A POEM *on the* WOOD-LARK.

THOU pretty little fluttering thing!
Thou ſignal of the coming ſpring!
When from the vales and hills remote,
We liſten to thy warbling note:
Lo! every ſymphony diſplays,
The great Creator's nobler praiſe.

Emblems of innocence and love,
(By which we raiſe our thoughts above!)
That like the purling riv'let ſhows,
The fountain clear from whence it flows;
That ſooths our cares, diſpels our fears,
While nature all a calm appears.

A DIA-

A DIALOGUE *between a* MASTER *and his* SCHOLAR, *on* FISHING.

Maſt. WHY Billy, you are a ſtrange untoward boy: if I could bring you to be as fond of your book as you are of your play, I ſhould have ſome hopes of making you a ſcholar, but while you are ſo fond of rambling, I am afraid I never ſhall.

Schol. I have only been walking down by the river-ſide, with my angle-rod, ſir, and while the fiſh were ſporting in the water, I threw in my bait and hook, and took a few ſmall gudgeons, but I think I ſhall not be fond of going a fiſhing again.

Maſt. Why; was you in any danger of being drowned, or do you think your ſucceſs bad?

Schol. No, ſir, I was not in any danger; and as to my ſucceſs, I think, I have had as much, or more than I ſhould wiſh for, if I were to go again, for I cannot but think it a pity, and am ſorry to deſtroy thoſe pretty creatures.

Maſt. Why ſo, child, do not you ſuppoſe they, as well as other creatures, were created for the uſe of man, and are they not a part of our food? has not the God of nature, the King of the univerſe, given man a dominion over the creatures?

Schol. But I did not want theſe poor little creatures to feed upon, or to ſatisfy my hunger, and therefore, I am afraid, I cannot anſwer deſtroying their lives, to make myſelf diverſion; for I remember, ſir, you have ſeveral times told me, I muſt never put any of God's creatures to pain to make myſelf ſport.

Maſt. Why Billy, this is all very true, and I am always pleaſed to ſee the principles of humanity growing

growing in young minds. A diſpoſition of cruelty to our fellow-creatures, or even to the meaneſt inſect in the creation, is what I would wiſh you always to avoid; there is not the leaſt queſtion to be made but that every creature can feel pleaſure and pain, and many perhaps in a more intenſe degree than either you or I ſhould do; for it is obſerved by naturaliſts, that ſpiders, flies, and ants, have the ſenſe of feeling in a much greater perfection than men. And Pliny ſays, that ſevaral animals, as oyſters, and earth-worms, which are thought to have no other ſenſe, yet have this of feeling; and if ſo, it is much better, and more humane, not to add to any of their infelicities of life, but more eſpecially ſo, where it is done for ſport and wantonneſs, as it is a means to promote habits of cruelty and folly.

I am glad to find what I have ſaid to you upon this ſubject, has had ſo good an effect upon you; you muſt always endeavour to cheriſh the principles of humanity, love, peace, and benevolence, if ever you expect the love and regard of either God or man. You ſee inſtances daily amongſt your ſchool-fellows, that are fractious and turbulent, and promoting quarrels upon every little trivial occaſion, that thoſe that are above them, and out of their power always hate and deſpiſe them, and thoſe that are below them, often fear them, but never love them.

Schol. We have a very remarkable inſtance of this, ſir, in a boy that is ſon to a ſervant of my father's; he robs all the poor birds of their young ones that he can find in the neighbourhood, and ſeems to take delight in the cries and lamentations the old ones make, when they find themſelves robbed of their all, which to me appears ſo brutal a temper,

a temper, that I am aſhamed and afraid to keep him company; for though I am fond of the young ones, I never took any from the old ones without reluctance; and when they have followed me with their cries, have carried them back, and delivered them again into the poſſeſſion of their fond parents, and muſt own I have felt more pleaſure and ſatisfaction for returning one back to its owner, than in all I have ever taken away or deſtroyed.

Maſt. This, child, is no more than the natural conſequence of a humane temper and diſpoſition, and ſuch a one, as if carefully obſerved and cheriſhed, will not only tend to make you a good and uſeful member of ſociety, and ſuch as every one will eſteem and love, but will render you (in ſome degree) like the Father of the univerſe, who is daily ſhedding his benign influences upon his creatures all around him.

I might juſtly remark to you, how readily theſe poor innocent creatures, the fiſhes, take the baits you ſo artfully prepare for them, by which all their happineſs, with their lives, is deſtroyed; and from whence it will be eaſy to infer, how ſubject unthinking youth is to catch at the deſtructive baits and ſnares laid for him, by the great enemy of mankind, the deſtroyer of ſouls; and if ſo, it is ſurely our higheſt intereſt, not only to be continually upon our guard, and to watch againſt every temptation to ſin, but to cultivate every habit of virtue upon our minds, as love to God, good-will and benevolence to our fellow creatures, as theſe alone can render us amiable both to God and Man.

A Moral

A Moral SONG *on* FISHING.

I.

WITH neither care nor fear oppreſs'd,
E'er Sol doth glide the ſkies;
The youngſter quits his place of reſt,
And to the river flies!

II.

He leaves the ſluggard doz'd in ſleep,
To meet the welcome day;
And trace the wonders of the deep,
Where ſhoals of fiſhes play.

III.

He gently caſts his hook and fly,
And on the bank doth wait,
Till ſome amongſt the little fry,
Seize the deſtructive bait.

IV.

Thrown from that element, alas!
Their natures all require;
They toſs and leap upon the graſs,
And by-and-by expire.

V.

An emblem of unthinking youth,
This to the mind recalls,
Who deviates from the ways of truth,
And into ruin falls.

VI.

So from the glade, the wild-duck ſprings,
And gently ſpeeds her way,
And by her wet incumbred wings,
Becomes the Fowlers prey.

A Di

A DIALOGUE *on* FOWLING, *between* BILLY *and his elder Brother* CHARLES.

Billy. I AM ſurpriſed brother, you can take a pleaſure in theſe acts of cruelty! 'Tis true, you have deſtroyed a brace of the moſt beautiful creatures, one of whoſe feathers you cannot by all your art form or create.

Char. I think brother, I have a great deal more right to deſtroy them, than you have impertinently to reproach me for it; pray what were they made for?

Billy. Not to indulge you in acts of cruelty! I apprehend, God made them for higher and more valuable purpoſes; at leaſt, I am ſure he never gave you an authority to take away their lives, merely to make yourſelf ſport!

Char. Why, don't every ſportſman do it, that takes a pleaſure in the exerciſe of ſuch lawful diverſions as ſhooting, and the like?

Billy. By the ſame rule, you might find reaſons for doing many things that it might be much more prudent to let alone; and though this perhaps may be lawful, yet I think there are many amuſements to be found, in which there is leſs cruelty, and where no poor innocent creature needs be bereaved of its life; for though we may have a power over the lives of the creatures, I am ſo much a friend to acts of humanity and benevolence, that I would deny myſelf the ſatisfaction of the beſt of meats, ſooner than be obliged, like a Jew, to butcher the poor creatures with my own hands, even to ſupply myſelf with food, and much leſs to make myſelf diverſion, at an expence ſo dear to them.

Char. From your own reaſonings, brother, you ſeem to admit this is lawful; and if ſo, I think

there is not any juſt objection to be brought againſt it; for pray how are the lives of ſuch numbers of people in the world to be ſupported, without the deſtruction of thoſe creatures that God has given us for our ſupport.

Billy. God has given us a variety of vegetables, as well as animals, for the ſupport of life, and ſuch as are perhaps more ſuitable to the habits and make of our bodies; and we may frequently obſerve thoſe people that live on little elſe, enjoy as large a ſhare of health, and often more ſo than thoſe that feed upon what we eſteem a more ſolid diet.

You'll pleaſe to remember, who has told us, there are things lawful that are not expedient; but admitting them lawful, as you ſuppoſe, for the ſame reaſon, as I would not turn hangman to execute a criminal condemned by the laws of my country, ſo neither would I indulge thoſe acts of cruelty, butchery and inhumanity, that generally grow upon perſons, that accuſtom themſelves to embrue their hands in blood; as they are ſo much oppoſite to that benevolence and humanity, that I would always wiſh to cultivate and cheriſh.

Char. I am ſorry brother, to find this old muſty fellow at Nottingham, has filled your head with ſo many whimſical notions; you had none of theſe before you were under his tuition.

Billy Surely brother, you will not venture to call humanity, benevolence, and a friendly diſpoſition towards every creature that God has made, that is capable of feeling pleaſure and pain, whimſical notions! 'Tis true, my maſter has taken a great deal of pains to inculcate principles of this ſort upon my mind, and I cannot but think it my duty to pay a deference and regard to him: he has frequently told me it is cruel to bereave any creature

ture of life, to make myſelf ſport and paſtime; and I am perſuaded, brother, if you would think deliberately, and impartially, you would be of the ſame mind; for I imagine you will allow there may be beings in the creation, as many degrees above us, as we are above the fowls of the air, and if ſo, you would think it hard, that even theſe ſuperior beings ſhould ſport away our happineſs, and perhaps our lives too! and would have a much higher opinion of them, if they were to treat you in a more friendly and benevolent way; and ſurely ſuch a diſpoſition muſt much more reſemble the great Author and Giver of life.

If diverſion is all you want, you may find a variety of innocent amuſements, without ruining and deſtroying the happineſs of thoſe creatures, that have the ſame dependance upon Providence for their lives and ſupport, as you and I have; if God regards the cries of the young ravens, it is not unreaſonable to believe he never neglects any of his creatures, in whatever rank of being he has placed them.

On the WOOD-COCK.

WHILE hail deſcend, and winds tempeſtuous blow,
And diſtant fields, are cover'd o'er with ſnow;
In ſhady coverts, near ſome purling rill,
Not diſtant far, from ſome exalted hill:
She ſeeks her food, the ſportſman ſoon decrees,
Rover ſhall ſpring her thro' the ſpreading trees;
He fires his piece amidſt her wild ſurpriſe,
And here, alas! ſhe unexpected dies!
And e'er ſhe did the fatal danger dread,
By random ſhot, is number'd with the dead.
Thus to voracious man, ſhe falls a prey!
Who ſports a life of innocence away.

A DIALOGUE *between* POLLY *and her* MAMMA; *on* DEATH.

Mamma. WELL, Polly, where have you been rambling?

Polly. I have been walking in the church-yard, Mamma, and reading the verſes upon the grave-ſtones, till I think I am almoſt tired!

Mam. But your eyes look red child, what have you been crying for?

Polly. Why Mamma I ſaw ſeveral graves that muſt have been made for children, that were about my ſize, and are now very probably reduced to duſt; and I could not help reflecting with myſelf, that this might have been my caſe, as well as poor Miſs Gardener's, the ſight of whoſe grave, (as one of my dear play-fellows) drew tears from my eyes pretty plentifully.

Mam. But my dear, you ſhould rather have acknowledged the diſtinguiſhing mercy and goodneſs of God, that when he ſent that grievous diſtemper, the ſmall pox, under which poor Miſs Gardener languiſhed, groaned and died, he did not at the ſame time, and by the ſame terrible diſeaſe, call you to the dark regions of the grave! as he has power to do, my dear, whenever he pleaſes; he can arm death with a thouſand darts, and reduce his creatures to duſt, by various unforeſeen accidents and diſtempers.

Polly. Pray, Mamma, what do thoſe two Latin words, *memento mori*, which I obſerved upon ſeveral tomb ſtones mean?

Mam. Why thoſe words, child, have no relation to the ſleeping duſt, but are deſigned as an admonition to the living; and to ſuch little girls as

you, while you are playing in the church-yard, and trampling on the dead, to tell you, that you muſt remember death; and conſidering how apt we are to forget that momentous hour, it is neceſſary we ſhould all of us be often reminded of it.

Polly. It is very melancholy, Mamma, to think of it, as it parts us from all our dear friends, and from every delight and pleaſure, and reduces us to food for worms, to rottenneſs and duſt! For my part, I ſhould think it were better to forget it, than to make life unhappy by frequently thinking on a ſubject ſo diſagreeable, and ſomething we have not a power to prevent!

Mam. It is not reaſonable, Polly, that you or I ſhould have a power of preventing, what that God that gave us life and being has decreed for us, and for all the human race; do not you remember what your Bible tells you, that it is appointed for all men once to die? and ſurely, he that made us knows beſt how to diſpoſe of us, and what time is fitteſt for our ſtate of trial here! And you may farther remember, that the Judge of all the earth will do right; he that made us and brought us firſt into being, has ſurely a right to diſpoſe of us as he pleaſes; and it is our very great happineſs, that we are at the diſpoſal, not only of a being of infinite power and wiſdom, but of a gracious, benevolent, and merciful God, that is willing to beſtow happineſs upon all his creatures, that act conſiſtent with the reaſonable powers he has given them, and are wilfully diſobedient to his laws. Conſider, child, that your thinking of death is not deſigned to make you unhappy, but quite the contrary; they that often think of it, are moſt likely to prepare for it, by not committing any of thoſe ſins and iniquities, that will make them afraid of dying.

The

The child that is diſobedient to its parents, that ſteals, tells lies, or is guilty of any bad actions, is not only afraid, but aſhamed to be brought into their preſence, either to implore their pardon, or to be puniſhed for his crimes! And is it not a thouſand times worſe, to die in your ſins, and be brought into the preſence of God, and there to be ſentenced to puniſhment and miſery? For though God is merciful, he is nevertheleſs juſt, and will certainly appoint ſuch a degree of puniſhment to all his rational creatures that die without repentance, and remiſſion of their ſins, by the blood of his Son Chriſt Jeſus, as is the exact demerit of their iniquities. If you often think of death you will be afraid of ſin, as it is that alone that can make you unhappy in dying.

The honeſt, the faithful, and the good, (ſuch as I hope your play-fellow was, that you have ſo much lamented the loſs of,) have nothing to fear; they enter upon a ſtate of reſt unknown to us, and ſhall at the great day of reſurrection, have their happy ſouls re-united to their new-raiſed bodies; and enter upon a ſtate of everlaſting happineſs, in the ſociety of God, the holy angels, (and as the Scripture tells you) the ſpirits of the juſt that are made perfect.

Polly. When you talk of the reſurrection, Mamma, it ſeems mighty ſtrange to me, how all the ſcattered duſt, that has been diſperſed from place to place, and all thoſe rotting bones, that are quite loſt and gone, and perhaps have been ſo for many hundred years, ſhould all be brought together, and every part united into its proper place, as I have often been told they will.

Mam. This, child, is quite beyond your comprehenſion of mind, but the ſame God, who had

a power

a power to form and create us at firſt, and who breathed into us the breath of life, by which we became living ſouls, has certainly a power of doing this. And as our bleſſed Redeemer, Chriſt Jeſus, is become the firſt fruits of them that ſlept, (as your Bible tells you) ſo certainly at the laſt day he will, by his almighty power, awake all the ſleeping dead; in order to demonſtrate in the face of the whole world, the equity of his proceedings, when the wicked ſhall be ſentenced to miſery, and the juſt and faithful ſhall be received into manſions of happineſs, where they ſhall be for ever with the Lord. Thus Polly, you ſee what encouragement you have, to pray often to God for his grace, to ſupport you againſt temptations; to live continually in his fear, and do nothing that may offend him; if you do this, you will always have a happineſs in view, that will ſupport you againſt the fears of dying.

See that you are a good girl, and behave well, and remember the verſes which were wrote upon the Death of poor Miſs Gardener.

On the Death of a CHILD.

THE tender branch now cold as clay,
The lovely cheeks turn'd pale and wan,
The happy ſpirit flown away,
An emblem of the ſtate of man!

The pleaſing views, the buſy powers,
That crowd the thoughts by night and day,
Now to a world, more bright than ours,
A world of light, are flown away.

The peaceful regions, free from ſtrife,
Beyond the ken of mortal eyes,
Shall raiſe the bliſs of future life,
And crown the faithful and the wiſe.

A DIALOGUE *between* ROBIN *and his* MOTHER, *on* DEFORMITY.

Moth. YOU are very grave Robin, what is the matter with you, are you ill? you do not uſe to droop in a corner!

Rob. I am very well Mamma, but I ſhould be glad if you would let me go to the ſame ſchool that my brother Jack goes to.

Moth. You are not fit for it yet child; when you are fit for your grammar, it is time enough for that. But pray, why do you want to change your maſter? I ſuppoſe he has corrected you for ſome of your rude tricks, for I can ſee by your eyes you have been crying; Pray what is the matter? if your maſter has uſed you ill, or given you any undue correction let me know, and if I judge it neceſſary, I ſhall have no objection to removing you; but I expect the whole truth from you; if I find you prevaricate and tell lies, I ſhall take care to ſee you properly puniſhed for it myſelf.

Rob. I aſſure you, Mamma, I will tell you nothing but the truth, for I think my crime did not deſerve the ſevere puniſhment my unmerciful maſter gave me; for I had not robbed any body, nor called any bad names, nor neglected my books; I was only laughing at a fooliſh country boy that is lately come to our ſchool!

Moth. Well, but pray what had this boy done, that cauſed you to laugh at him?

Rob. Why Mamma, he has crooked legs, a hump back, and I remember ſeeing juſt ſuch a figure in the beginning of my *Æſop's* Fables, and I only called him the little crooked philoſopher; for when I ſaw how much he reſembled the picture, I could not help laughing at him, as well as ſeveral of the other boys did.

Mo.

Moth. Fie fie, Robin, I thought you had been better acquainted with the rules of decency and good manners, than to have been guilty of ſuch a piece of rudeneſs; rudeneſs not only againſt your ſchool-fellow, but an impeachment of the wiſdom of God. Do not you know that the ſame God that created you with an upright body, and ſtraight limbs, created and formed this poor crooked boy, that you laugh at, and deſpiſe! and that if he had thought fit, he could have made you crooked and him ſtraight. And pray let me aſk you, ſuppoſe that had been the caſe, would you have been pleaſed with him if he had ſcorned and inſulted you, for a natural infirmity of your body, which was not in your power to prevent? I am quite aſhamed of you, Robin, and if your maſter had not puniſhed you ſeverely for ſuch a behaviour, I would certainly have removed you, but he has now laid me under too great an obligation to do that, by puniſhing you for a crime, that ought not to be forgiven. Come, do not cry, but let me hear of no more ſuch rudeneſs.

Rob. If you will pleaſe to forgive me, Mamma, and not acquaint my Pappa with it, I will never make game at any body any more.

Moth. You muſt be poliſhed, Robin, as Lady Altham's jewels were.

Rob. How is that, Mamma?

Moth. Why, did you never hear the ſtory?

Rob. No, not that I remember.

Moth. Why, ſoon after the marriage of Lord Bryſon, to Lady Weſton, Lady Altham, then living in the neighbourhood, went to pay her a viſit, and among other curioſities, Lady Weſton gave her a ſight of her fine collection of jewels, which are ſaid to be valued at upwards of thirty thouſand pounds; a fine diamond necklace, a curious

pair

pair of large ear-rings ſet in gold, ſeveral diamond rings for the fingers, of different cuts, all beautifully ſet and poliſhed, by the fineſt hands in Europe.

Lady Altham was greatly obliged by ſo fine a ſight, you may ſuppoſe, and told her in a pleaſant way, if ſhe would honour her with a viſit, ſhe thought ſhe could ſhew her as valuable a collection. Lady Weſton was very much ſurpriſed, knowing that Mr. Altham was a man of but ſmall fortune, not above four or five hundred pounds a year, whereas Lord Bryſon had upwards of fifteen thouſand. Lady Weſton's curioſity was very much raiſed, and ſhe told her ſhe would do herſelf the pleaſure of waiting upon her in a few days, which ſhe accordingly did, but was much more ſurpriſed to find ſo little appearance of gaiety in the furniture of her apartments, where every thing was plain, but clean and neat.

After the uſual compliments were paſſed on both ſides, Lady Weſton claims Mrs. Altham's promiſe, upon which, tea being brought into the room, Mrs. Altham's eldeſt daughter, dreſſed very neat, but plain, waited on the tea-table. Lady Weſton ſeemed exceedingly pleaſed with her behaviour; ſhe was tall and well ſhaped, and about ſeventeen; ſhe was of a ſweet temper, extremely modeſt and obliging.

The tea-table was no ſooner removed, but her two youngeſt ſiſters came in, with each of them a piece of plain work, for their mother's approbation. Lady Weſton had no ſooner done admiring the decency, and pretty behaviour of theſe two younger ſiſters, but a little boy, about eight years of age, enters the room, in a genteel dreſs, bowing to the ladies, and being juſt returned from ſchool,

anſwered

anſwered his mother ſeveral little queſtions very pertinently, and then with a bow, withdrew.— Lady Weſton, admiring the agreeable behaviour of four ſuch beautiful children, aſked Mrs. Altham, how many more ſhe had? She told her, ſhe had two little rude boys more, but they were quite unpoliſhed; ſhe however, deſired they might be brought in, when the nurſe was immediately called, and brought one by the hand, and the other in her arms. Lady Weſton was exceedingly pleaſed at the ſight of ſix beautiful children, whoſe minds ſeemed formed to obedience, and whoſe pretty diſpoſitions and behaviour, was ſufficient to recommend them to the niceſt obſerver of the rules of decency and good manners.

Well, Madam, ſays Mrs. Altham, as I had the honour a few days ago, of viewing your collection of jewels, I have now ſhewn you mine, and ſhould be glad of your ladyſhip's ſentiments, which you eſteem the moſt valuable. I have been at ſome pains in poliſhing the four eldeſt, and hope, as the other two grow capable of inſtruction, I ſhall ſucceed as well with them.

Why, really Madam, replied Lady Weſton, I was never in all my whole life more agreeably deceived; nor would the ſight of all the jewels in the univerſe have given me a greater pleaſure! I aſſure you, I can with a great deal of ſatisfaction acquit you, and ſhall always be ready to own, that Mrs. Altham's collection of jewels are of ten thouſand times the value of mine.

Now, Robin, do you imagine, that little maſter Altham would have been guilty of the indecency and rudeneſs, of treating any of his ſchool-fellows as you have done this country boy? or, do you ſuppoſe his Mamma would have paſſed by ſuch a

breach of good manners in any of her children, without ſhewing a proper reſentment?

By this lady's eſtimate, you ſee Robin, what a value is put upon good children, that fear God, and are obedient to their parents and tutors; let this be an example to you, and if you expect to gain the approbation and love of your friends, you muſt behave with the ſame decency and good manners, that you may obſerve in Mrs. Altham's little ſon, whoſe age ſeems very nearly to agree with your own; but I wiſh your behaviour were more conſiſtent.

A POEM.

I.

BEHOLD the ſoft, the pleaſing ſmiles,
That crown the parents tender care,
And well reward the early toils,
Their wiſe and prudent conduct ſhare.

II.

When the ſweet trace of filial love,
In early dawn of life appears,
It will a ſure foundation prove,
To crown the hops of riſing years.

III.

Each leiſure hour is well employ'd,
In grace and virtue to increaſe,
Nor indolence, nor ſullen pride,
Diſturb the growing ſocial peace.

IV.

Their parents hopes they'll not defeat,
By paſſion for a tinſel dreſs,
Appearing modeſt, plain, and neat,
Nor laws of decency tranſgreſs.

V.

No ſcorn, or criminal diſdain,
  Does e'er their tranquil minds diſgrace;
But if they give each other pain,
  A falling tear, bedews the face.

VI.

Such are the little triflers gay,
  Sweet objects of our hopes and fear;
That ſooth our thoughts, by night and day,
  Our joy, or ſorrow centers here.

VII.

Thus jewels may allure the ſight,
  And charm the wondering eye;
But can't afford that true delight,
  Good children will ſupply.

A DIALOGUE *between Miſs* PATTY *and her* PAPPA, *on the ſagacity of the* EWES *and* LAMBS.

Pappa YOU have ſurely taken a long walk, my dear; I expected your return an hour ago!

Patty. Both Billy and I were fearful of diſobliging you, Sir, or I believe we ſhould not have returned ſo ſoon.

Pappa. Why child, pray what entertainment did you meet with in the fields; I fancy it muſt be ſomething extraordinary, that could fix your attention long upon any one object?

Patty. We had a variety of objects, Sir, but none pleaſed us ſo much, as thoſe pretty little ſporting innocent creatures the lambs; I believe we ſaw twenty or more of the ewes, that were ſo exactly alike, that we could not diſcern any difference either in their colour, ſize, or voice; which we plainly perceived their lambs could! At which we could not help wondering, and being ſurpriſed, that the little creatures ſhould be able to ſingle out their dams from twenty or thirty ewes, that ſo nearly reſembled each other; for we could obſerve, when they were playing at a diſtance from them, that as ſoon as any of their voices were heard, the tender lambs would poſt away, and each ſingle out its dam from the reſt of the bleating herd; who no ſooner perceives its neceſſities, than each preſents its young with the teat, as though like a tender nurſe ſhe was well acquainted with its wants, and gave it a friendly call at a time ſhe judged would be moſt convenient for its nouriſhment and ſupport.

One of theſe little creatures, we obſerved, ſeemed to want the call, ſome of the reſt had juſt before

received, by its mournful bleats, and forſaking the reſt of its pretty companions; but no ſooner does the trembling complaint reach the indulgent and attentive ear of the parent ewe, who happened at that time to be feeding at a conſiderable diſtance, but ſhe, in the moſt anxious and affecting tone, (ſuch as we imagine its young well underſtood) returns her bleating anſwer, upon which the infant lamb immediately runs and ſeizes upon the relief, that nature and Providence had ſo wiſely provided for its ſubſiſtance. A third haſtily runs for ſuccour to one to whom it happened not to belong: this refuſed it her milk; but how ſoon was the miſtake rectified! For no ſooner does its real parent, who was then mixed among the herd, give a ſingle bleat, but it immediately knows her voice, and ſingles her out from forty or fifty more, where ſhe is diſtinguiſhed by all the marks of a fond indulgent parent.

Pappa. Why, I muſt own Patty, this is very wonderful, and I am a good deal pleaſed with the pretty remarks and obſervations you have made; but pray, can you gueſs from whence this knowledge in theſe little creatures ariſes?

Patty. I imagine, Sir, it is ſomething that God has implanted in their natures, but I could wiſh to be better informed, and have been the more particular in my relation, of what we obſerved, in hopes of receiving ſome farther information from you.

Pappa. In this, as in various other parts of the creation, my dear, you may obſerve the ſurpaſſing wiſdom and goodneſs of the God of the univerſe, the great Creator of the ſeen and unſeen worlds, in his having endued theſe creatures with ſuch natural faculties and diſpoſitions, as in a very great degree ſurpaſs the underſtandings of mortal men, and a perception, that in many inſtances appears like

 certain

certain degrees of rationality; ſuch as ſeem abſolutely neceſſary to their own preſervation, ſupport, and well-being.

If you follow any of this ſpecies of creatures through the flowery fields and meads, you will never obſerve them making choice of thoſe noctious weeds, and poiſonous plants for their food, that would deſtroy their healths or lives: nor drinking of thoſe impure ſtreams, that would procure the like ſad effect; but on the contrary, feeding upon what is ſuitably adapted by providence to their natures; and never to any exceſs, but with appetites of temperance, that may juſtly ſhame thoſe that lay claim to much ſuperior degrees of rationality.

By eating and drinking no more than nature requires for its ſupport, you find theſe, as well as all other creatures, that do not exceed to the bounds of temperance, are leſs ſubject to diſeaſes of body; they are ſeldom ſick, or diſordered from any of the cauſes, from whence the human race, I am afraid, may often ſuſtain inconveniencies, even to a degree that may not only ſhorten life, but juſtly merit the dreadful name of ſelf-murder.—Thus you ſee child, what leſſons of temperance may be learned, even from our herds and flocks, to which I might add leſſons of love and humanity too.

Patty. Why really Pappa, I think there ſeems to be a more friendly diſpoſition amongſt thoſe lovely creatures, than is often found amongſt mankind; for we never ſee them abuſe their young, as many women do their children, nor do we find them neglected and deſerted, as we find many poor children are by their parents, who inſtead of endeavouring to preſerve their innocence, and beſtow a ſuitable education on them, by cultivating on their minds the knowledge and love of God, the principles of religion and virtue, we often find

them

them influenced by their parents bad examples, to cheat, ſwear, lie, and break the ſabbath. How often have I heard little creatures, almoſt as ſoon as they could ſpeak, curſe, ſwear, and take the Lord's name in vain, and their parents take no manner of care to reſtrain, or teach them better.

Pappa. That is a lamentable caſe, Patty, and will one day bring the weight of God's judgments upon too many parents, that now make light of it. How few children do we find duly inſtructed in the art of governing their own paſſions, in love, humility, temperance, ſincerity, and thoſe other moral virtues, that would render them amiable in the eyes of God and man.

Patty. The flocks and herds, Pappa, may ſhame a great many parents, who have it in their power to provide well for their families, but neglect them and ſpend that money in liquor, and other uſeleſs extravagancies, that would cloath their families decently, and afford them ſuch educations as might probably prevent a great many unhappy conſequences in their future lives.

Pappa. Your obſervations, my dear, are very juſt, and we might trace the divine wiſdom and goodneſs a great deal farther, by conſidering the great variety of ſuitable proviſion he has prepared for the animal, as well as the rational world. The tender infant lamb, is brought forth with a cloathing of wool, ſufficient to fence it from the chilling froſts, and other inclemencies of the air, and is in a few hours after its birth, able to follow its dam, and ſcreen itſelf from a variety of injuries that its liable to, both from beaſts and birds of prey. Another inſtance of the wiſdom of God, appears in the defenſive weapons theſe creatures are furniſhed with; I mean their horns; you ſee them frequently putting themſelves into poſtures of defence, and

puſhing

puſhing with their heads at any thing that offends them, even before they are grown to the length of an inch; which is a plain indication, that theſe (as well as any other parts of the brute creation,) carry the plain marks or impreſſions about them, of a ſuper-intendant providence.

Patty. It is very true, Pappa, but you have omited one thing I have often wondered at, and that is, the natural ſagacity of thoſe little creatures in ſeeking their food; which I have obſerved they will do in a few hours after they come into the world, and will find the teat of their dams without any human aid! ſo that providence, in this inſtance, ſeems to have been kinder to them, than the human race, who for years after they are brought into the world, are unable to help themſelves, and without the aſſiſtance of their parents, or friends, muſt inevitably periſh.

Pappa. The human race, my dear, are generally objects of the compaſſion and tender care of more rational underſtandings; nor has God left us the leaſt room to impeach his wiſdom and providence, even in a ſingle inſtance; having made ſufficient proviſion for the neceſſities of all his reaſonable creatures, and endued many in the brute creation, with ſuch glimmerings of foreſight and diſcretion, as quite ſurpaſſes all human wiſdom to account for. We may admire and wonder, but we cannot comprehend the ſuperlative wiſdom and goodneſs of the great Creator of the univerſe; the beſt of us, (without deſcending below ourſelves) may in theſe flocks, behold bright examples of innocence and humility; to which we may juſtly add, their great uſefulneſs in life; their fleſh feeds us, their wool is one of the moſt uſeful parts of our cloathing, and ſuch as perhaps, no other part of creation, could ſupply us with.

I might

I might innumerate a variety of other beauties in the creation, but as I know you are fond of verſe, you will find ſome of them ſummed up in the following poem, with which your brother and you may amuſe yourſelves, when you ramble in the fields again.

On a fine RURAL SCENE.

SWEET contemplations to purſue,
Behold a rural ſcene in view!
The bleating herds, the lowing kine,
The tow'ring oak, the bending pine!
The air, from noctious vapours free,
While ſquirrels trip from tree to tree.

Fruits, herbs, and flowers enrich the ground,
The ſongſters hov'ring all around,
Do each their various fruits produce,
Some for delight, and ſome for uſe.

Behold, O youth, this ſcene and ſee,
What natures, God has given thee!
With wonder, view his great deſigns,
In which ſuperior wiſdom ſhines!
Revere his name, admire his love,
And raiſe thy thoughts to world's above.

A DIALOGUE *between* EMILLY *and* HARRIET, *on* DETRACTION.

Emil. WELL, Harriet, I hope our new Curate pleaſed you to-day!

Har. Yes, Madam, I apprehend the gentleman preached a very good ſermon, but I was not in a diſpoſition to pay the ſame attention to his doctrine, as I fancy I ſhould, if there had been fewer fine folks at church; but ſome people's air and dreſs will take off one's attention, whether one will or no. Pray, was not that very fine lady in the yellow brocade, Miſs Lucy's relation from Exeter, that the town has made ſuch noiſe about? I can aſſure you, I can by no means think her as agreeable as ſome of her friends endeavour to repreſent her; as to her perſon ſhe is well enough, but ſhe do not ſeem to have any tolerable taſte for dreſs. I was ſurpriſed to ſee how irregular her hair was curled, ſome locks quite open, others cloſe; ſome ſhort, ſome long; upon the whole, ſhe made a very odd appearance, and ſeemed to be rather in a diſhabille, than in a polite dreſs.

I would not infer any thing particular, from either the lady's behaviour or dreſs, but I have heard ſome things whiſpered at a certain tea-table, not much to her advantage, though I am not fond of repeating them, nor ſhould I care to do it, but under the ſtrongeſt obligations of ſecrecy, as it is poſſible they may not be true; for the ſame lady that mentioned them, did not diveſt her of all merit, but allowed ſhe had really ſome very amiable qualities.

Emil. Why really Harriet, without ſuppoſing me more partial in her favour, than the ladies generally are to their own ſex, I cannot help entertaining

taining a very different opinion of her, from having ſeveral times had the pleaſure of hearing her repreſented, as one of the moſt inoffenſive creatures in the world, and poſſeſſed of a very large ſhare of good nature, humanity, and benevolence, from people of the beſt repute, that are not unacquainted with her real character. The young lady may poſſibly be too much a ſtranger here, and the few acquaintance ſhe has made, may be conſcious of her ſuperior underſtanding and merit, which has been an old motive, amongſt others, as well as the fair ſex, for envy, detraction, and depreciating the characters and reputations of their neighbours!

Har. You are growing warm, Emilly, you will by and by tempt me to ſuſpect you partial indeed, if not, to judge from what principles you are ſo! But I am ſorry if I have offended you, or been guilty of any indecency againſt the character of the lady, for I never deſire to injure any of my fellow-creatures. I own, I have not the leaſt acquaintance with her, and the account I have received was from common fame, which is not always productive of truth.

Emil. I am ſorry a young lady of your good education, ſhould act with ſo little caution and prudence, for I rather impute it to want of one or both theſe, than a want of good nature. I think you ſaid ſome things were whiſpered to the lady's diſadvantage, notwithſtanding the whiſperer allowed ſhe had ſome good qualities. Pray give me leave to remark to you, that this is not only one of the moſt artful, but perhaps one of the moſt effectual ways of gaining ſufficient credit to ruin our neighbour's reputation. The accuſer, by a ſeeming unwillingneſs to diſcover the ſecrets he is poſſeſſed of, immediately awakens the curioſity of his

credulous

credulous auditors! then, under the ſtrongeſt promiſes of ſecreſy, (which they will never refuſe him) he has the faireſt opportunity of venting his malice, and by dark hints and diſtant inſinuations, a great deal more is often imagined and believed, than in ſtrict terms was ſpoken; and it is obſervable, whoever receives a ſecret of this kind from one, is generally very fond of delivering it as a ſecret to another, and ſo it paſſes from hand to hand, till it has ſpread over a whole town and country; and there is too many amongſt our ſex, that are ſo much pained in keeping a ſecret, that they do not care how ſoon they are diſburthend of it. But as the proverb ſays, *if there were no receiver, there would be no thief.*

You will excuſe me, Madam, if I have ſaid too much upon this ſubject; but my dear deceaſed Mother took the greateſt pains in my younger years, to cultivate the principles of humanity and benevolence on my mind; and you know ſhe had always the reputation of one of the beſt of women.

Har. I had always the higheſt veneration for your Mother, nor is there any one whoſe precepts would tend more forcibly to influence my conduct; and I could now with pleaſure, aſk the young lady's pardon, for whatever I have ſaid that may detract from her merit.

Emil. I am glad to find you are convinced of your miſtake, and hope for the future, you will not give ear to any reproachful tales that may be told by the malignant, or the unthinking, to the diſadvantage of thoſe that are both innocent and honeſt. As to your remarks on the lady's perſon, dreſs, and behaviour, though I think you a little culpable, I chooſe to paſs it over, and impute it to a want of conſideration, and perhaps not ſuffi-

cient

ciently knowing the world; or, rather than diſpleaſe you, I will call it emulation. I will only obſerve to you, that it is too low an employment for rational minds, to condeſcend to remark faſhions and dreſs, in places appointed for worſhipping the Divine Being; and hope, what I have ſaid upon this ſubject, will prevent your indulging any cenſorious temper for the future; for I look upon a want of benevolence to our fellow-creatures, as one of the higheſt inſtances of meanneſs, and wherever it is found, is the moſt certain criterion of a bad heart, and a depraved mind. The charitable and benevolent, have always friends; nay, even their enemies are made their friends by this beneficient diſpoſition! Auguſtus, the Roman Emperor, ſaid, he was ſure of his friends, and therefore thought it wiſdom to ſhew kindneſs to his enemies, that he might thereby gain their affections.

Look attentively round you, and behold a variety of beautiful flowers; obſerve the different dye of every blooming colour; theſe, without the leaſt malignancy in their diſpoſitions, all grow and flouriſh upon the ſame plot of earth; each receives its proper nouriſhment from the ſame indulgent influences of the dropping clouds, the early dews, and the planters induſtry! and ſee if you can find any thing in this delightful part of the creation, that favours of pride, cenſoriouſneſs, a bad temper, or a want of univerſal benevolence.

Take a view of yonder diſtant terrace-walk, where the fowls are pluming themſelves under the ſhady trees, in all their gaudy pride; attend their pleaſing different notes, and ſee if you can find any thing but peace, harmony, and love, amongſt them

Attend to the voice of Univerſal Nature, where you will find no jars or confuſions, but reſounding ecchoes from every quarter, to the praiſe of its great Creator.

A POEM.

TO him that did the ſtarry worlds diſplay,
Let ev'ry creature, ſtated homage pay;
Let thunder clouds, that float from pole to pole,
Aloud proclaim his praiſes as they roll;
Trees that on earth, in ample order grow,
The various fowls above, and fiſh below;
Sun, Moon, and Stars, with vocal planets ſing,
The praiſe of Nature's univerſal King.

A DIALOGUE *between* JEMMY *and his* MAMMA, *on the* TULIP.

Mam. WHY Jemmy, you ſeem very much delighted with your flower; what did you never ſee a tulip?

Jem. Yes, Mamma, but I never took ſo much notice of its beauty before. I think the colours appear much finer in theſe flowers in the garden, than in thoſe my Aunt has been at ſo much pains in painting on the fire-ſcreens, which every body admires ſo much!

Mam. Why that is no wonder child, if you conſider how much finer the immediate works of the God of Nature are, than any thing that ever could be done by art: you ſee every curious artiſt endeavours to imitate nature, and yet the moſt curious could never equal it. You may obſerve the fine carvings and beautiful painting upon the new altar-piece in the church, are an imitation of leaves, flowers, and fruit, which plainly ſhews, that the moſt ingenious artiſt can find nothing ſo beautiful to copy after and imitate, as the works of Nature. And how far theſe exceed the moſt exquiſite power of human artiſts, you may remark from what our Saviour ſaid of the lilies of the fields, (which ſome commentators ſuppoſe to have been the tulips,) *Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of theſe.*

But I think child, you only ſeem pleaſed with the colours, which I own are very beautiful, but are by no means all the beauties of the flower. As you are a ſort of inquiſitive young gentleman, I ſhould have expected you might more juſtly have enquired after the nature and growth of theſe beautiful flowers, every one of which have fine

and fibres, or paſſages too fine to be obſerved by the naked eye, through which the nouriſhment or juices that they receive from the earth flow, through every ſtem and leaf, like the blood that is continually circulating through your body and mine; and whenever this circulation ſtops, either in our bodies, or theſe flowers, they ſoon wither and die.

Jem. This is very wonderful; but pray Mamma, if theſe fine juices, that you ſay, nouriſh and ſupport the flower, ariſe and flow from the earth and ſoil, in which the flower is planted, how comes it to paſs that this earth that appears to be ſo much the ſame, produces flowers and herbs of ſuch a variety of beautiful colours, and that there is ſo much difference, not only in the bulk and ſize, but alſo in the various mixture of the colours?

Mam. You will puzzle me my dear, with ſuch philoſophical queſtions as theſe, which I can by no means fully explain to you, neither will your capacity at preſent comprehend things of this curious nature; when you are grown a man, and have gone through the various branches of your ſtudies at the Univerſity, you will be able to anſwer ſuch queſtions to yourſelf, much better than I can, and as your judgment and faculties will be growing riper you will underſtand them better.

Jem. I am content, Mamma, to wait till that time, as I am afraid you begin to think me a little impertinent; but as you were pleaſed to talk of their nouriſhment by tubes, fibres, &c. I from thence concluded, that you had made theſe pretty ſpeculations ſome part of your ſtudy, and the amuſement of your leiſure hours!

Mam. Well, my dear, as I find you are poſſeſſed of a little inquiſitive genius, I will give you a few

hints

hints that may perhaps ſatisfy you, till you are capable of reading what the great Mr. Boyle has wrote upon this ſubject.

The earth which you ſay appears to be the ſame, is not ſo, for the different ſorts of ſoil, (of which there is a very great variety) ſome more fertile, others more barren, ſome more, ſome leſs cultivated and improved by manure, muſt naturally produce different juices; which juices, where their quantities are ſmall, from the barrenneſs of the ſoil, often produce ſingle flowers, when the ſoil that has a larger quantity of juices, generally produces not only larger but frequently double flowers, as appears in the common and clove gilliflower, the carnation, and many others. But when we come to view the variety and beauty of the colours of the vegetable kingdom, we muſt, as reaſonable creatures, and thinking beings, revere, adore, and admire the great God of Nature! whoſe bounty, beneficence, and love, all the creation ſo largely ſhare.

According to the ſentiments of the beſt chymiſts, the origin, or firſt ſeat of colours, lies in the ſulphur, which all earth is in ſome degree impregnated with; ſo it is from the different degrees of the maturity of the ſulphur, that the difference of colours ariſes; the native colour of it reſembles gold; the next degree, a ſhining yellow, which gradually diminiſhes into colours of a lower form, or degree of beauty; theſe mixing in exceeding fine particles, with the unctious watry humours of the earth, are with the ſpecific juices conveyed through their proper ducts; where by the fineneſs of the veſſels, towards the extremity of the flower, it receives the benign influence, and warmth of the Sun, by which it is ſublimated, attenuated, and concocted, till it is ſo far digeſted, as to receive

the beautiful perfection we behold in it; and the flower being arrived to its full maturity, you may obſerve ſome whoſe ſmells are diſagreeable, others quite odoriferous and pleaſant, which is occaſioned by their different qualities; and ſome ſay, by the different degrees of heat, a ſubject I ſhall not at preſent entertain you with; only as an inſtance of each you may obſerve, that in poppies, and ſeveral other plants of that kind, they are heady, and a decoction of them, is ſo far an opiate, that a ſmall quantity of it, has a tendency to lock up the ſenſes, and quite ſtupify the underſtanding, while the carnation, on the other hand, is friendly and amicable to our natures, affording us thoſe balſamic ſweets, with which we are ſo much pleaſed and delighted.

But this, my dear, is a ſubject I am by no means equal to; we may both look around us and behold a variety of beauties in the creation, that we cannot at preſent comprehend: this may raiſe our admiration and wonder, to ſee in what a beautiful ſituation the God of Nature has placed us.

But before I conclude, I might farther obſerve to you, that theſe beautiful flowers have ſmall veſſels, to convey ſo much air for reſpiration, as is neceſſary to preſerve them alive; and that they are fenced with barks, and ſkins to ſkreen the juices, by which they are augmented and live, from all the inclemencies they are liable to, either from chance, or nature. The flowers you find embraced by leaves, in order to defend, cheriſh, and preſerve their fruit, when moſt tender and in its infancy, from thoſe airs and nipping froſts that hinder their growth and maturity.

On the ſame bank, you ſee the ſweet and the ſour, the reſtringent and the purgative plant; nay,

might

I might ſay the poiſon and its antidote, growing in their different forms and various colours, bearing their different fruits, ſome more, ſome leſs ufeful, and beneficial to mankind; all ſerving the different purpoſes of the all-wiſe Creator: as the Poet juſtly remarks concerning the different ſtations, in which God has placed both the rich and the poor among mankind: the ſame will be found true, both in the animal and vegetable world, from whence it will appear, he has not made any thing in vain.

——— ——— ———Wiſe Providence,
Does various parts for various minds diſpenſe,
The meaneſt ſlaves, or they who hedge and ditch,
Are uſeful, by their ſweat, to feed the rich:
The rich, in due return impart their ſtore,
Which comfortably feeds the lab'ring poor.
Nor let the rich, the loweſt ſlave diſdain,
He's equally a link of Nature's chain:
His end's the ſame, joins in the ſelf-ſame view,
And both alike the will divine purſue.

Jem. I am exceedingly obliged to you, Mamma, for the pleaſing information you have given me, but I plainly ſee it would be endleſs to trace the wiſdom of the Creator, throughout that wonderful variety that we behold within the little circle of our obſervation; but how much more ſo, could our eyes or underſtandings, penetrate into the unſeen worlds! But, Mamma, when you tell me God created not any thing in vain, I ſometimes wonder what uſe briers, thorns, thiſtles, and nettles, can be of to us?

Mam. A little reflection, my dear, will ſhew you that theſe are by no means uſeleſs in the creation; pray conſider, how uſeful theſe briers and

thorns

thorns are to preſerve your tulips, and all the reſt of the flowers and fruits in the garden, from being trodden down and ſpoiled by the cattle in the field on the other ſide of the hedge! The nettle, a plant frequently uſed in medicine, may, by its ſtinging quality, be preſerved from being eaten up by beaſts, or deſtroyed by children; and thiſtles are well known to afford the beſt ſort of aſhes when burnt, for the making of fine glaſs! So you ſee, child, you muſt be cautious in pronouncing any thing uſeleſs that God has made, before you are able to prove it is ſo! God always expects us to be modeſt, and not rudely cenſure any part of his creation, though we cannot immediately comprehend the uſe of it.

On

On the TULIP, *a moral* SONG.

I.

THE early ſpring, the youth invites,
Abroad to ſport and play;
Amongſt the rural gay delights,
To paſs his time away.

II.

He rambling moves from place to place,
To view the op'ning flow'r;
While ev'ry ſoft and pleaſing chaſe,
Regales the coming hour.

III.

The pleaſing tulip charms his ſight,
With various colours dy'd,
While all the diff'rent rays of light,
Unfold its gaudy pride.

IV.

By ſongſters all around careſs'd,
And free from noiſy ſtrife:
With peaceful ſatisfaction bleſt,
He taſtes the ſweets of life.

A DIALOGUE *between* MASTER JOSEPH *and his Siſter* PATTY.

Patty. YOU ſeem quite loſt in contemplation, brother! if the ſubject be a pretty lady, I fancy it affords you an agreeable amuſement.

Joſ. To let you into the ſecret, ſiſter, the ſubject I have been thinking on, is ſo far from a fine lady, that it is no other than that of an old country cottager, which I imagine you would not chooſe for the ſubject of your meditation.

Pat. Not without the old Don was very rich, and would beſtow a fine equipage upon me, and the poſſeſſion of five or ten thouſand a year, then brother you might perhaps be miſtaken.

Joſ. Why the old cottager I mean, appears to me to be very happy, which is not always the conſequence of being very rich, though the glare of equipage and finery dazzles the eyes, and deceives thoſe that look no farther than you ſeem to do.

Pat. This is ſome ſuch ſnarling old fellow as Diogenes in his tub, Plato, Seneca, or ſome of thoſe muſty old gentry, whoſe works I ſuppoſe your tutor has puniſhed you ſome time or other for miſconſtruing.

—When puzzled with ſome orthographical rule,
You partook of the diſcipline us'd in the ſchool.

Joſ. A diſcipline that might perhaps be very well beſtowed upon ſome of my neighbours, ſiſter! but the perſon, or rather the virtues of honeſt old Joſeph Andrews was the ſubject I was reflecting on; there is ſomething exceeding beautiful in the ſentiments and conduct of his daughter Pamela, but the author has drawn in ſome trifling things, and ſpun out the ſtory to ſuch an intoleſable length,

length, that I can by no means approve of the whole; but the character of the old man is so unexceptionable, that I could almost wish his cottage were converted into an Academy, for the education of the rising generation.

Pat. And then I suppose, brother, you would become a pupil of that Academy, from whence we might soon expect as dull and unpolite a race of animals as the world ever produced; and such as would be despised by our more polite neighbours the French, whose elegancies and manner of address, we have so long been copying, at almost incredible expence! and without which, I think a gentleman or a lady would make but a very mean figure at a ball, or an assembly.

Jos. Your observation sister, is very just; and whether you mean it so or not, a very severe burlesque upon too many of your neighbours. But I am of opinion, less parade and ceremony, and more sincerity, would much better become a christian nation. I am sorry to find your taste so much vitiated, and wish all these fine accomplishments are not too often gained at the expence of prudence and virtue! to say nothing of the loss of time, which surely might be much better employed in forming the mind, and cultivating the principles of morality, or gaining some little acquaintance with some of the liberal arts and sciences, as in learning a French air, a game at quadrille, or where to fix a patch most to the advantage of a lady's features.

Pat. You are growing quite grave, brother, pray let me remind you of the promise you made some time ago, of giving me a merry account of your ramble through the town the other day.

Jos. I think, sister, I have the same demand upon you;

you; and when you have quitted the obligation, we will ſee what is to be done.

Pat. We, we, child! What do you mean by we?

Joſ. O my dear, there is a very large family of the we's, that you do not ſeem to be acquainted with. There are we Parſons; we Lawyers; we Doctors; and we Apothecaries. The Parſon ſays, we muſt pay our Eaſter offerings; the Lawyer ſays, we muſt maintain our right; the Doctor ſays, we muſt drink plentifully of water-gruel; the Apothecary ſays, we muſt repeat the preſcription; but the merrieſt of the we family, is the blow-bellows of an Organiſt at a neighbouring Church, whoſe maſter having entertained the congregation after morning ſervice, with ſome very fine airs, cries maſter, we have played delightfully to-day! We, ſays the maſter, you raſcal, what do you mean by we? dare you that only blows the bellows, put yourſelf on the footing of a maſter of muſic? In the afternoon the honeſt blow-bellows refuſes to do his office, on account of his maſter's treatment of him in the morning; his maſter enquiring the reaſon of his conduct, and ordering him immediately to apply to buſineſs, pray ſir, ſays he, ſhall it be we then?—Thus child you have an account of the we's, and a ſpecimen of the vanity of the family, which I leave you to apply as you think proper. I ſhall only add, that I went to purchaſe a hat and feather; to ſaunter an hour or two in a bookſeller's ſhop, and to buy a pamphlet or two.

The gentleman in recommending the firſt commodity ſays very politely, after haranguing on the fineneſs of the beaver, the ſcarcity of the commodity, &c &c.

The feathers ſir, belong to a bird of Peru,
Exceedingly curious, brought o'er by a Jew;

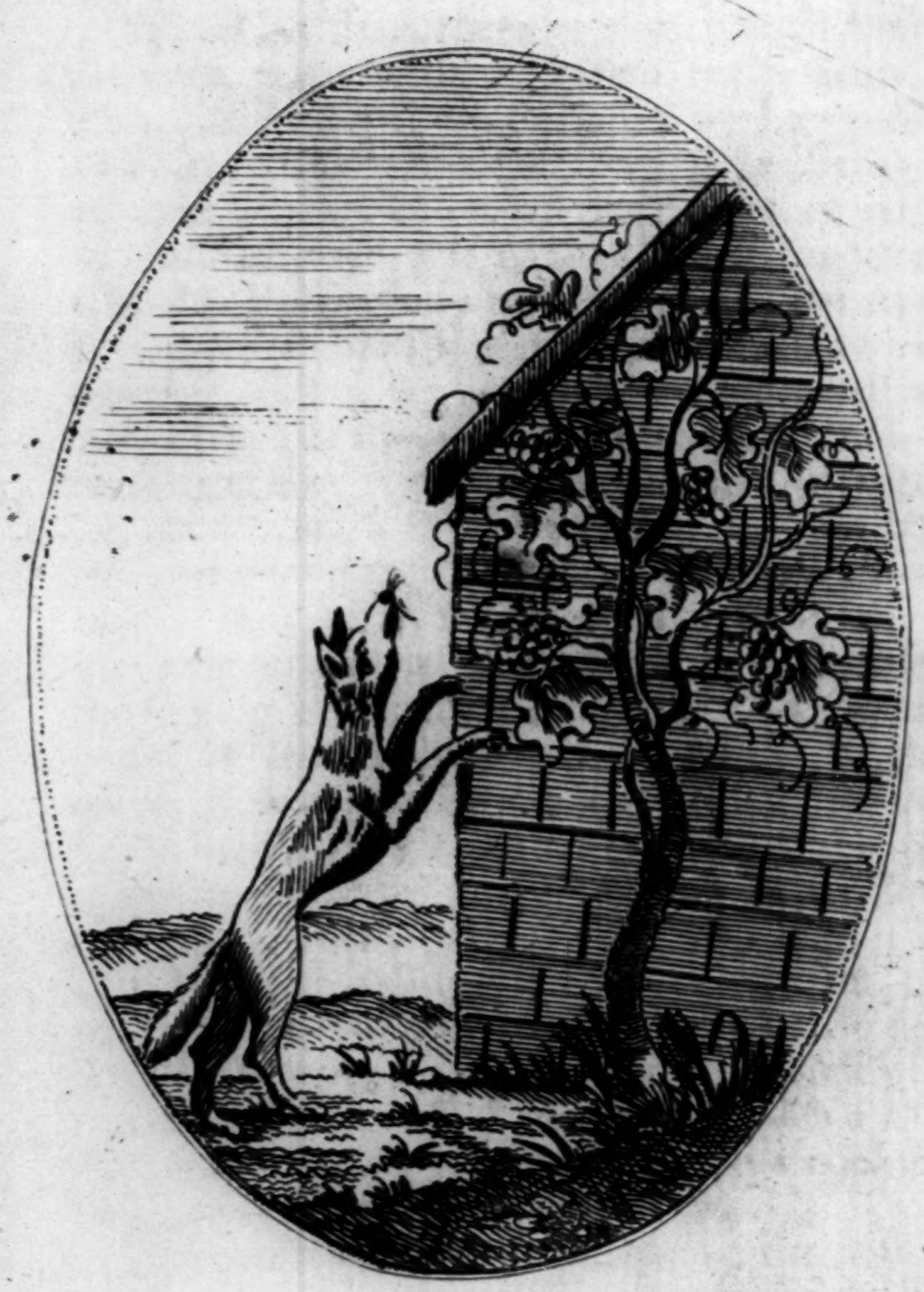
I hope

on,

ve?
of
ted
we
ys,
ys,
we
he-
the
of
af-
rn-
er,
the
are
on
er-
his
im
ſon
to
we
the
ly,
er.
and
er's

m-
on
m-

ope



I hope you'll be pleas'd, for the hat and the feather
At leaſt, to allow me three guineas together.

The demand being ſo very reaſonable, you may imagine we ſoon ſtruck a bargain, from whence I trudged to the honeſt bookſeller's.

—And ſo child it happen'd, while ſtrolling along;
I was terribly joſtl'd about by the throng!
Growing weary, at laſt I reſolv'd to ſit down,
And ſtopp'd at the ſign of the Bible and Crown;
Where ſcatter'd about on the counter I ſaw,
Some ſcraps of divinity, phyſic, and law;
A ſtripling appears, grown almoſt to a man,
And thus our impertinent chatter began:

—This pamphlet is wrote, ſir, with judgment and ſpirit,
By an excellent author, of virtue and merit;
—This, ſir, was wrote by an able divine,
You'll ſee ſir, the language is excellent fine!
—Here's a poem, ſir, wrote by a country 'ſquire,
A poem the beaus ſeem all to admire;
'Tis now out of print, ſir, no doubt but you know!
Gone perhaps to the cheeſemonger ſix months ago.

But pray ſir, forbear—no more of your cant,
For neither of theſe, is the book that I want;

Have you a book call'd the Mirror, compleat,
A ſize for the pocket, that's pretty and neat?

To which with a bow and a cringe he replies,
Here's one ſir, will pleaſe you, for beauty and ſize;
'Tis a charming fine copy, and curiouſly bound,
There is not a better, I'm ſure to be found.

—No doubt, ſir, but all that you ſay may be true,
But pray what's the price? I believe it may do.

—The town ſir, I'm ſure can't produce ſuch another,
A crown ſir's the price, if it were to my brother.

Joſ Now Miſs, I think it is your turn.

Pat. I am always ready to oblige my friends, but you muſt promiſe neither to criticize, nor laugh at me, as it is one of my firſt eſſays of mimickry.—You will naturally ſuppoſe my ambition would not riſe higher than a fine cap, a chintz gown, or a hoop-petticoat—but to the point:

—The Draper ſir, after a cringe, and a fawn,
Cries Madam, here's cambrick as fine as a lawn:
Here's the fineſt chintz pattern you ever have ſeen,
'Twas deſign'd, I am told, for an Indian Queen!
I have only this one, madam, lately brought o'er,
And never was ſhewn to a lady before.
Some men that to honour pay little regard,
Would ſell it I'm ſure for two guineas a yard.
—Here's lace, ſays the millener, white as the ſnow,
Brought over from Flanders, but nine days ago!
A fan, that dear Madam, will grace your white hand,
May be wore by a lady—the beſt in the land.

But I think the bell rings for ſupper—ſo your ſervant Joſeph. Good night Patty.

SELECT FABLES.

The WOLF *and* PORCUPINE.

A WOLF aſks a Porcupine, why ſtill in armour,
As if ſhe was jealous, that ſome one wou'd harm her,
Whene'er I come near, your quills ſeem to rattle,
As tho' you intended, to charge in a battle!
I ſhould not have aſk'd, had I thought you were vicious,
But as you are honeſt, pray why ſo ſuſpicious?
For ſurely when beaſts bear each other good-will,
'Tis odd, to go fortify'd over with quill!
The Porcupine anſwers, in ſpight of your reaſon,
Where Wolves are, my armour is always in ſeaſon.

The MORAL.

When a knave is a friend, we then may divine,
He's certainly hatching ſome evil deſign;
And thoſe of all others, does ſooneſt deceive,
Who are moſtly by nature inclin'd to believe.

The MONKEY *and the* CAT.

AS cheſnuts in embers, did roaſt by a fire,
A Monkey obſerv'd 'em, with longing deſire,

But how to come near 'em, no method he ſaw,
Becauſe he was fearful of burning his paw!
At laſt catching hold of a cat that ſat by him,
He pok'd with her paw, and ſoon brought 'em nigh him*.

The MORAL.

The ſly politician to gain his own ends,
Makes free with the inſtruments, called his friends.

The GNAT *and the* BEE.

A GNAT almoſt ſtarv'd, in a ſorry condition,
Pretended to be a moſt ſkilful muſician;
He comes to a bee-hive, and there he would ſtay,
To teach the bee's children to dance, ſing and play;
The Bee plainly told him, the way of their nation,
Was breeding up youth, in ſome honeſt vocation,
For fear by their labour, they ſhould not be fed,
And then curſe their parents for being high bred.

The MORAL.

Bad ſingers, and dancers, too often are made,
Of people whoſe genius is fitter for trade.

* Hence came the Proverb, to make a Cat's paw of any one.

The FOX *and the* STORK.

MERELY for ſport, the Fox thought proper,
To invite a neighb'ring Stork to ſupper;
Prepar'd a ſhallow diſh of ſoup,
Which he at pleaſure could lap up,
But vainly ſhe, with her long bill,
Attempts to feed herſelf the while;
Hungry and vex'd, away ſhe went,
But ſoon return'd the compliment!
Invited Reynard to a treat,
A jar of glaſs contain'd the meat,
But long and narrow was the neck,
From whence the Stork alone could take
Her food, while Reynard ſaw the feaſt,
Which for his life he could not taſte!

The MORAL.

Thus he who laughs his friend to ſcorn,
May well expect the like return.

The good-natured MAN *and the* ADDER.

A MAN that had an Adder found,
Starved and froze upon the ground;
Brought her and laid her by the fire,
When almoſt ready to expire:
Reviving, ſhe an infant 'ſpies,
And round the houſe in fury flies;

Upon the innocent recoil'd,
And inſtantly deſtroys the child.
The wretched father, almoſt dead,
Soon lays his club acroſs her head;
The vile ingrate he ſoon ſubdu'd,
Who thus return'd his gratitude.

The MORAL.

Thoſe who the innocent trepan,
Grow hateful both to GOD *and Man;*
And often fall into the ſnares,
They laid for others unawares.

The DOVE *and the* BEE.

CLOSE by a river-ſide, there ſtood,
A tree, within a neigh'ring wood;
A thirſty Bee, came there to drink,
And falling in, began to ſink!
A Dove ſat brooding on the tree,
Who ſaw the ſtruggling drowning Bee,
And on a ſlender twig deſcends,
By which it to the water bends;
The Bee, though in her dying ſtrife,
Crawls up the bow, and ſaves her life.

Soon after this, for want of care,
The Dove was in the fowler's ſnare,
The Bee, that inſtant paſſing by,
Her great deliv'rer chanc'd to ſpy!
Does not deliberating ſtand,
But ſorely ſtings the fowler's hand:

He

He feels the ſmart, without delay,
Lets fall the net; while in the fray,
The Dove takes wing, and flies away.

The MORAL.

While Doves and Bees, ſeem both endu'd,
With ſome degrees of gratitude!
By Man, the great creation's LORD,
Unthankfulneſs ſhould be abhor'd.

The NURSE *and the* WOLF.

THIS little croſs brat, (in an angry tone)
Cries the nurſe, to the Wolf, ſhall be certainly thrown;
The Wolf hearing this, as one day he paſs'd by,
Near the door of the houſe was determin'd to lie;
But ſoon to his ſorrow, he hears the nurſe ſay,
Poor Billy ſhall ne'er to the Wolf be a prey;
Come kiſs me my dear, and we'll beat him away.

The MORAL.

Thus baulk'd, cries the Wolf, (it is certainly true,)
What theſe people ſay, they mean not to do;
Tho' none of our brats, are found weeping and crying,
Not a Wolf in the Indies, is ſubject to lying.

The FOX *and* GRAPES.

THE Fox having formed a luſcious deſign,
To taſte of the fruit he obſerv'd on the vine;
After licking his chops, and jumping in vain,
A grape could by none of his ſtratagems gain:
In a paſſion cries out, this vinegar fruit,
With a palate like mine, ſure never can ſuit.

The MORAL.

That excellent leſſon this fable may teach,
Not to wiſh for thoſe things which are out of our reach.

The two POTS.

TWO pots once down a ſtream did paſs,
The one was earth, the other braſs;
Come near my friend, and ſide by ſide,
Says the braſs pot, we'll ſtem the tide?
I thank you ſir, for what you ſay,
But dare not come, ſays pot of clay;
For ſhould we claſh, with fear I ſpeak,
Tho' you may 'ſcape, I'm ſure to break.

The MORAL.

The ſtream's the world, the pots may ſhow,
The rich and poor, toſs'd to and fro;
The rich may ſtand, the poor muſt fall,
The weak goes always to the wall.

The

The MISER *and the* APE.

A SORDID wretch who ſtarv'd himſelf,
To hoard up heaps of uſeleſs pelf,
To make him ſport, an Ape retain'd,
Which with his dog he always chain'd:
For other ſervants, none he had,
Their eating would have made him mad!
One day, the Miſer being out,
The Ape broke looſe and rang'd about,
In at an open window leaps,
Where ſoon he found his maſter's heaps:
Pug that ne'er own'd a golden God,
Straight from the window where he ſtood,
By handfuls now the gold did fling,
Pleas'd on the ſtones to hear it ring;
Nor leſs he pleas'd the paſſing crowd,
Who pick'd it up, and laugh'd aloud,
To ſee the Miſer thus bereft,
For Pug threw on till none was left.

The MORAL.

This keeps the Proverb ſtill alive,
That ill-got goods will never thrive,
Injuſtice like a canker eats,
In vain the father lies and cheats,
The apiſh ſon,—mark well the end,
More than the father ſaves, will ſpend.

The lofty PINE.

SEE by the tempeſt's angry blaſt,
The lofty Pine all rent and tore;
Mean time the lowly ſhrub ſtands faſt,
In her humility ſecure.
Thus thoſe who warm'd by fortune's ſmiles,
Aloft in wealth and honour grow,
Are oft enſnared by their wiles,
And when ſhe frowns, ſhe ſinks 'em low;
While thoſe whom Providence has plac'd,
Beneath the vain exceſs of pow'r,
Unhurt can ſtand the threat'ning blaſt,
And ſafely hear the tempeſt roar.

The MORAL.

Then put no truſt in worldly things,
If high, thou haſt the more to fear;
For dreadful is the wrath of kings,
If low, thank God, no envy's there.

The ASS, *the* APE, *and the* MOLE.

THE Aſs wants horns, his foes t'aſſail,
The Ape bewails his want of tail,
An honeſt Mole, that work'd hard by,
Heard their complaints, and made reply,

For

For ſhame leave off this murm'ring cant!
You both poſſeſs the eyes I want.

The MORAL.

Be with thy lot content, and know,
What Heav'n thinks beſt, *is always ſo.*

The THIEF *and his* MOTHER.

A THIEF to whom the laws exhibit,
The due reward of rope and gibbet,
Obſerving where his mother ſtood,
Raining at either eye a flood,
Requeſted, with the Sheriff's leave,
One moment as a ſhort reprieve,
To comfort her afflicted mind,
And leave a few ſad words behind.
This granted, ſtrait the thief drew near,
As if to whiſper in her ear;
But to the people's great ſurpriſe,
He bit it off: then thus he cries,
Good people! blame not, e'er you hear,
Tho' vile this action may appear,
This wretched woman merits worſe,
For ſhe deſerves my lateſt curſe.
Had ſhe chaſtis'd me, when I ſtole
The horn-book, from a child at ſchool,
Inſtead of kiſſes which ſhe gave,
I might have found a peaceful grave;
She had not mourn'd her loſs of ear,
Nor I for this ſad end come here.

The

The MORAL.

Your children's minds, weed well betimes,
Leſt infant faults grow up to crimes;
Your love by your correction ſhew,
Leſt God require their ſouls of you.

The MONKEY *who had travelled.*

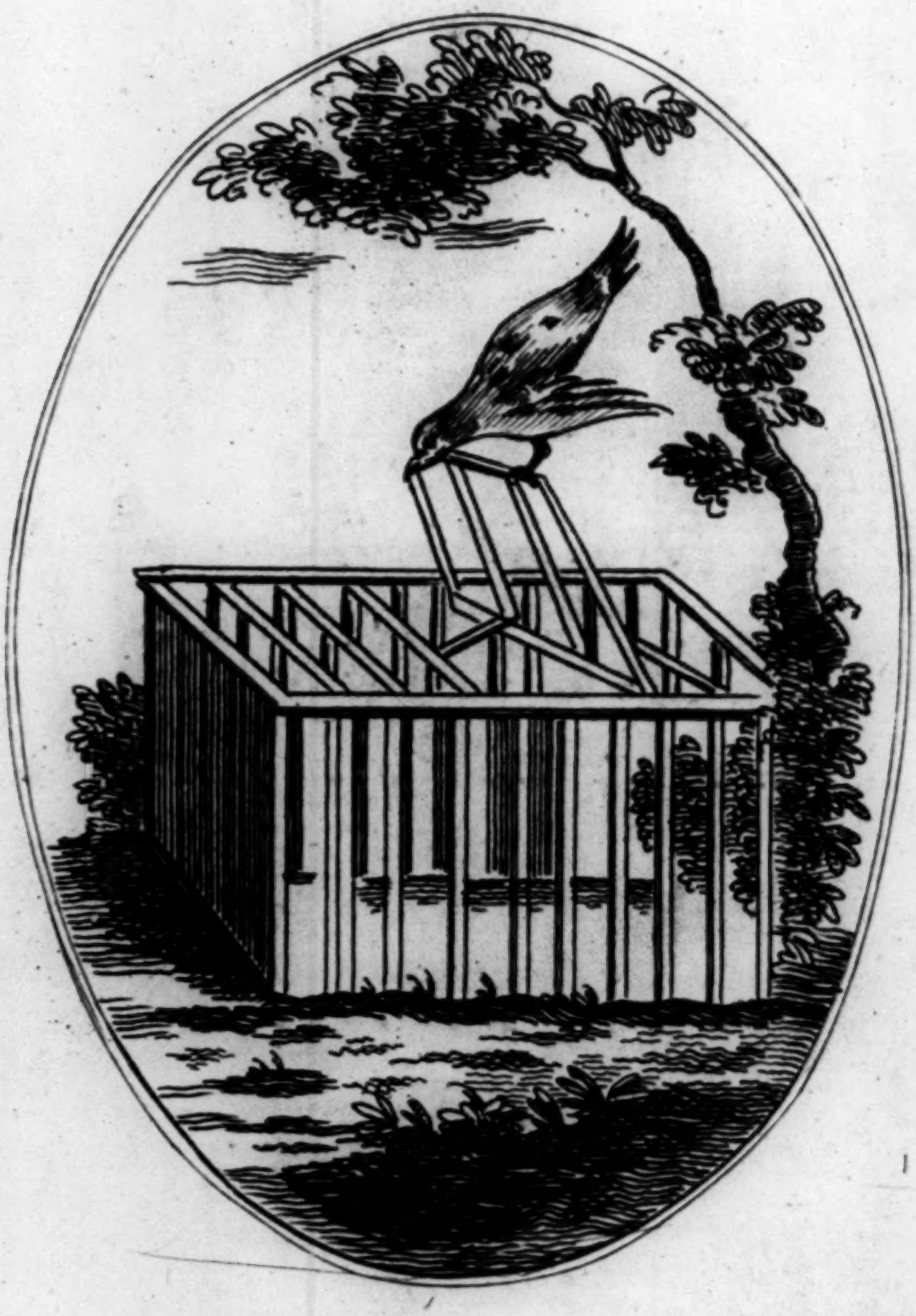
A MONKEY once reſolv'd to roam,
To ſee and bring new faſhions home;
But had not travell'd very far,
Before he fell into a ſnare.
Poor Pug being thus a captive made,
Was to a lady's room convey'd;
Where day by day he favour gains,
" Proud as a lover of his chains."

The beaus reſort, he hears their chat,
Now mimicks this, now mimicks that;
Learns all their talk, and all their airs,
And in their jeſts would ſtill go ſhares;
In every courtly art polite;
For Pug had ſenſe to do him right.

When having thus his taſte refin'd,
And, as he thought, improv'd his mind;
He burns to ſhew each new-got grace,
And civilize the Monkey race:
So takes occaſion, and eſcapes,
And ſeeks again his brother Apes.

The

he



The hairy monſters round him preſs,
Admire his mein, his ſtrut, his dreſs,
His powder'd back, his dapper wig,
With pendent tail, like that of pig;
His ſleeve, his fine embroider'd coat,
But moſt his flutt'ring ſhoulder-knot.

When thus, the coxcomb pertly cries,
Hear me, ye Monkeys! and be wiſe,
The next in worth to human race,
Know your own rank, ſupport your place!
In courts and cities long I've been,
Convers'd with men, their manners ſeen;
Their dreſs, their courtly arts I know,
The arts by which they lord it ſo!
Then copy me—reform your ſtate;
And grow at once, polite and great,
Seek ye to thrive and riſe to fame,
Caſt off that aukward thing call'd ſhame;
In flatt'ry, practice well your tongue,
Dear flatt'ry charms both old and young!
And rich and poor, and ſmall and great,
Nay, flatter thoſe you ſcorn and hate:
And having thus made many friends,
Why, uſe them for your private ends.
For take my word, the prudent know
No other uſe of friend, or foe.
To be ſincere—how means the ſpirit!
Then ſtill be ſure to ſnarl at merit;
For that obliges all that hear you,
And makes the modeſt coxcombs fear you:
Lie with full latitude of tongue,
For ſcandal's never in the wrong.
Boldly to all things make pretence!
Th' admiring world ſhall own your ſenſe.

I know mankind—reform your ſtate,
And grow at once polite and great.

He ſpoke and pleas'd the grinning crowd,
Who chatter'd their applauſe aloud.

New miſchiefs now the foreſt rend,
Each bites his moſt obliging friend;
The compliment he ſtraight returns,
With malice every boſom burns!
While fond to rival human ways,
They ſnarling ſpend their wretched days.

The MORAL.

Thus the tall blockhead whip'd from ſchool,
In foreign climes improves the fool;
Gleans vices both from high and low,
And then returns—a taree-ſhow;
Importing, to a nation's curſe,
Manners would make ev'n Monkies worſe.

The LEOPARD *and the* FOX.

THE Leopard once, elate with pride,
Survey'd his ſpots on ev'ry ſide,
What beauty's here; he cries what grace!
Why ſhould I give the Lion place?
Not he, but I, o'er beaſts ſhould reign.
Conceited thus, with great diſdain
He treated ev'ry beaſt beſide,
Till thus the Fox rebuk'd his pride;

'Tis

'Tis true, fools value outward ſhow,
The wiſe and prudent better know;
From them th' endowments of the mind,
True worth alone, reſpect can find.

The MORAL.

Thus Coxcombs in appearance place,
Each virtue of the human race;
The out-ſide trimm'd, they're brave and wiſe,
Have more than twenty Argus eyes.
From fools they admiration gain,
But from the wiſe a juſt diſdain.

The FOX *and the* CROW.

A CROW who had ſomewhere been ſtealing a dinner,
Held cheeſe in her mouth, till Reynard had ſeen her;
He runs to the tree where ſhe ſat, and ſays he,
Are you the bright lady I longed to ſee?
People ſay you are black, but where is their ſight?
I ne'er ſaw a bird of ſo lovely a white!
The ſwan's very fair, to give her her due;
But not of ſo fine a complexion as you:
If your voice does as much as your beauty excel,
You'll raviſh all creatures, wherever they dwell:
The Crow, who imagin'd her voice muſt needs pleaſe,
Went to tune up her pipe, and down drop'd the cheeſe:

Which Reynard catch'd up, crying, now ſpare
your noiſe,
You quite turn my ſtomach, with that ugly voice;
Let's have a ceſſation of thoſe rueful ſtrains,
'Tis plain you have neither voice, beauty, nor
brains.

The MORAL.

The man that has plenty, ſhall never want friends,
While flatt'ring his vanity anſwers their ends;
But when the inchantment of int'reſt is gone,
The fool may be ſure, he ſhall meet with his own.

The CRAB *and her* DAUGHTER.

AN old mother Crab, thus ſchool'd her young
wench,
Daughter turn out your toes, and walk like the
French.
Move handſomely forward, obſerve the *bon grace,*
And no longer crawl backward with that aukward
pace;
—Yes mother I will, the Crab's daughter did ſay,
If you'll be ſo good, as to lead me the way.

The MORAL.

Example in virtue, the heart more engages,
Than all the wiſe ſayings, of doctors and ſages;
Fine ſpeeches are vain, where actions don't ſuit,
While you talk like an Angel, and live like a brute.

The

The FOX *and the* COCK.

A COCK on a tree advantageouſly poſted,
Was thus by old plauſible Reynard accoſted;
Dear ſir, there's no bird, that e'er wore a feather,
Can match you for beauty and wiſdom together;
And ah! that you would but afford me the grace,
So great a philoſopher once to embrace:
How bleſt ſhould I be, if by your vicinity,
I might as it were, but touch your divinity!
The Cock heard the Fox, with a very good will,
So tickl'd with praiſe, he could hardly ſit ſtill;
At laſt down he flutters, the Fox takes occaſion,
To welcome his friend, with a rough ſalutation;
Says he, worthy prophet your ſkill you have ſhown,
You tell others fortunes, but can't tell your own;
Now juggle, now conjure, ſhew all your black art,
Without ſtrong inchantment, you'll certainly ſmart.

The MORAL.

In nature it ſeems an infallible rule,
That flatt'ry always ſuppoſes a fool;
Whoe'er loves the praiſe the ſcandal muſt bear,
If ſlighted, it falls to the flatterers ſhare.

The covetous MAN *and the* ORCHARD.

A MAN that an orchard of rare fruit had gotten,
Spar'd all that was ripe, and eat all that was rotten;

His ſon got the key, and thought it no ſin,
To bring a whole gang of his ſchool-fellows in.
—Now boys fill your breeches, and hang him that ſpares,
So down goes the peaches, the plumbs, and the pears!
Be ſure, ſays young maſter, what's good and ripe gather,
And leave all that's bad for my ſordid old father.

The MORAL.

A poor ſordid ſpirit that doats upon pelf,
Tho' hated by all, ſuffers moſt from himſelf,
He ſcrapes all his life, and when he has done,
May leave it to ſome wild extravagant ſon.

The WOMAN *and* DEATH.

GOOD Death ſaid a Woman, for once be ſo kind,
To take me, and leave my dear Huſband behind;
But when Death did appear, with a ſour grimace,
She ſtarted aſide at his ill-looking face;
And dropping a court'ſie, ſhe modeſtly ſaid,
If you came for my huſband, he's there in his bed.

The MORAL.

Some needs will oblige you, and take no denial,
Unleſs you're ſo rude as to put them to trial;
Such friends may appear, while view'd at a diſtance,
But be ſure you take care, not to want their aſſiſtance.

The

The Diſobedient SON *and his* CHILD.

A BASE Son his Father ſo ill had intreated,
That of his eſtate the old 'ſquire was cheated:
His head in an hoſpital forced to hide,
With food and with raiment, by others ſupply'd;
One day the old Father his Son did eſpy,
And calling him as he paſs'd careleſsly by;
One pair of ſheets being all his requeſt,
From him that his plentiful fortune poſſeſt.
The Son when the Father no more did require,
Was aſham'd to refuſe him his modeſt deſire;
And calling his child, he gave his commands,
To deliver them ſafe to his Grand-father's hand;
The Father ſoon heard he deliver'd but one,
And aſk'd the young varlet, why thus he had done?
Young graceleſs reply'd, I kept it for you,
When old, you may dwell in an hoſpital too.

The MORAL.

Unmerciful children, do commonly find,
That Providence pays them at laſt in their kind.

The Partial JUDGE.

A FARMER once made a complaint to a judge,
My Bull ſir, an't pleaſe you, by owing a grudge
As they tell me, to one of your worſhip's fine cattle,
Has ſlain him outright in a terrible battle;
I'm

I'm ſorry at heart becauſe o' the action,
And want to know how I'm to make ſatisfaction.
You muſt give me the Bull ſir, that's very plain,
Says the Judge, or pay me the price o' the ſlain.
But I have miſtaken the caſe, ſays the Clown,
The Bull that is kill'd ſir, an't pleaſe you's my own.
The Judge ſoon replies with a very grave face,
Say you ſo ſir!—this very much alters the caſe.

The MORAL.

Men greatly delight to have ſtrict juſtice ſhewn,
When the caſe is anothers, much more than their own.

The MOUSE *and the* FROG.

A Travelling Mouſe would fain paſs a moat,
But could not get over for want of a boat;
A Frog that at laſt her deſign did diſcover,
Undertakes on his back to carry her over;
And for fear ſhe ſhould periſh by ſtreſs o' bad weather,
He ties his own legs, and the Mouſe's together.
But when they were got in the midſt o' the water;
Down ducks the Frog, and the Mouſe follows after.
While plunging in water, and ſtruggling for life,
A Kite in the air was reviewing the ſtrife;
Stoops downwards and ſeizes the Mouſe in her claws,
And both from the water immediately draws;
By devouring them both the Frog did ſoon find,
As little compaſſion as he had deſign'd.

The

The MORAL.

The juſtice of Heav'n our ill actions ſurveys,
And in his own way the oppreſſor repays;
The man that's the cauſe of his neighbour's undoing,
Both himſelf and his fortune oft ſhare in the ruin.

The Dying EAGLE.

A HUNGRY Eagle while watching for hares,
Was with a ſwift arrow ſhot thro' unawares;
She mournfully ſigh'd before ſhe departed,
At viewing the arrow with which ſhe was darted!
It appearing the ſhaft, which the miſchief did bring,
Was made up of feathers took from her own wing.

The MORAL.

No little vexation a perſon attends,
Who finds thoſe his foes that he took for his friends!
Yet thoſe are moſt wretched whoſe miſeries wholly,
Are owing to nothing, ſo much as their folly.

MORAL SONGS.

On a Flock of LINNETS.

IN the ſoft ſeaſon of the year,
When Nature ſmiles and all is gay;
There pleaſing notes with joy we hear,
Which chace our gloomy thoughts away.

The ſocial ſongſters flutt'ring ſing,
And rambling fly from tree to tree;
The woods and vales with muſic ring,
Nor are the lofty mountains free.

While theſe with emulation vie,
Bewail, O youth, thy ſad delays;
Nor ſleeping in oblivion lie,
Awake and ſing Jehovah's praiſe.

On the Singing of a SKY-LARK.

ATTEND my ſoul! while early birds inſpire,
Thy grov'ling thoughts with a celeſtial fire;
They from their temp'rate ſleep awake and pay,
Their thankful Anthems, for the new-born day.

See how the the tuneful Lark is mounted high,
And Poet like ſalutes the Eaſtern ſky!
He warbles thro' the fragrant air his lays,
And ſeems the beauties of the morn to praiſe.

But man more void of gratitude awakes,
And gives no thanks for that ſweet reſt he takes;
Looks on the glorious Sun's new-kindled flame,
Without one thought of him from whence it came;
The wretch unhallow'd, does the day begin,
Shakes off his ſleep, but ſhakes not off his ſin.

On the ROSE.

HOW pleaſant is the bluſhing morn,
The welcome harbinger of day;
The ſweets that do the fields adorn,
Invite the youth to ſport and play.

Here nature beauties does diſcloſe,
Such is the higheſt wonder raiſe;
Amongſt the reſt the bluſhing roſe,
Delicious ſweets around diſplays.

The ſcene with rural beauty deck'd,
The airy ſongſters hov'ring round;
Ten thouſand beauties do reflect,
With which the joyful day is crown'd.

On the BEE.

THE little inſect ſpeeds her flight,
Now Winter's blaſts are o'er:
Ranging the meads with new delight,
To ſeek her flow'ry ſtore.

Behold with true mechanic ſkill,
She does her work review;
With ſweets that Nature does diſtill,
She forms the parts anew.

We ſee in the minuteſt part,
Such ſtrokes of beauty ſhine;
That far tranſcend the rules of art,
And look like pow'r divine.

The little cells built up with care,
In pleaſing order riſe;
And govern'd with a prudent air,
Beſpeak them truly wiſe.

A Dialogue between a BLACK-BIRD *and a* SPORTSMAN.

B. HOLD ſir, diſmount the fatal gun,
At whoſe moſt dire rebound;
A creature that no harm has done,
Muſt bleeding ſtain the ground.

S. Thou

u

S. Thou little felon, now begone,
Thou robb'ſt me ev'ry day:
And cherries thou wilt leave me none,
If I ſhould let thee ſtay.

B. For ſhame, why ſhould thy niggard heart,
At my ſmall ſhare repine;
We airy ſongſters claim a part,
And claim by right Divine.

Thy cherries make me ſing more clear,
And raiſe my voice on high;
My gloſſy wings more bright appear,
My muſic fills the ſky.

No more my little dues detain,
To Prieſts a tythe is due;
We have our fruit, as they their grain,
—I'll do my duty too.

Henceforward, let me banquet free,
Nor more complain of wrongs;
For what I borrow from thy tree,
I'll richly pay in ſongs.

Uſeful Queſtions happily Reſolved.

Q. WHO are the people that generally talk loudeſt?

A. Thoſe that have leaſt reaſon on their ſides, and therefore endeavour to ſupport their cauſe by noiſe and clamour.

Q. Who are they that envy and cavil at others, that have more wit and better underſtanding than themſelves?

A. Thoſe whoſe misfortune it is to have but very little ſhare of either.

Q. What maſters have generally the leaſt buſineſs done?

A. Thoſe that are encumbered with moſt ſervants; as thoſe inſects that have the greateſt number of legs, are moſt ſlow in their motions.

Q. Who are they that beſt repreſent the ſhadow upon a Sun-dial?

A. Falſe friends, that are always preſent during the ſun-ſhine of fortune, but abſent when a cloud over-ſhadows it.

Q. Wherein is a man beſt diſtinguiſhed from a beaſt?

A. By the regular government of his appetites and paſſions.

Q. Why

Q. Why are men of wit uſually the moſt unfit for trade and buſineſs?

A. For the ſame reaſon, that beaſts of pleaſure are ſeldom fit to carry heavy burdens.

Q. Why does a gameſter's ill luck often prove his good fortune?

A. Becauſe he perhaps reſolves to game no more, and gains wit enough by the loſs of his money to ſave him from beggary.

Q. Who are they that ſeldom commend, or praiſe their friends and neighbours?

A. Thoſe that leaſt deſerve it themſelves, that having no merit of their own, envy thoſe of ſuperior worth, and wiſh to bring them down to their own level.

Q. What is one of our higheſt attainments in knowledge?

A. That degree of modeſty that teaches us to know, that we know but little.

Q. Why is craft and cunning rather the ſhame of true wiſdom than the proof of it?

A. For the ſame reaſon, that paint is rather a diſguiſe than an ornament to a handſome face.

Q. Why is believing a man honeſt, ſaid to be the way to make him ſo?

A. Becauſe if we diſtruſt him without any juſt reaſon, his falſhood afterwards will wear the appearance of juſtice.

Q. Why is wit in converſation ſaid to be like ſalt to meat?

A. Becauſe it ſeaſons the entertainment.

Q. Why does reproof to a weak mind, often prove as ineffectual, as phyſic to a weak body?

A. Becauſe either not duly timed, or given in too large a quantity, leaves the patient worſe than it found him.

Q. What is that which is like a ſhip at ſea, without either ballaſt or rudder?

A. A forward wit, without either judgment or diſcretion.

Q. Why are we ſubject to queſtion the veracity of that man that backs his word with oaths and aſſeverations?

A. Becauſe we cannot reaſonably expect the man that breaks faith with God, to gain credit with men, will pay any juſt regard to either.

The ſwearer's promiſe, never truſt,
For who, to God dares be unjuſt;
And break his heav'nly Father's laws,
Where no temptation is the cauſe;
Nor gain, nor pleaſure can enſue,
Will never keep his word with you.

Q. What advantage may we make of flattery?

A. By hearing from the flatterer what we are not, we may from thence learn what we ſhould be.

Q. Why are pedants that tumble over a great number of books compared to gluttons.

A. Becauſe they very rarely make any advantage in knowledge, for the head like the ſtomach being over crammed, cannot perform the office of digeſtion.

Q. Why may what a man ſays of himſelf, be ſaid to turn to his diſadvantage?

A. Becauſe if he accuſes himſelf, his underſtanding is called in queſtion, and if he ſounds his own praiſe, we ſuſpect his ſincerity.

Q. What is our beſt remedy againſt injuries?

A. Patience and ſubmiſſion, as yielding to a fall, when we cannot eſcape it, does in ſome degree break the force of it.

May threats of foes, nor friend's neglect,
Thy calm and peaceful mind affect;
Whoever wrongs thee, paſs it by,
And let it in oblivion die:
But thus reveng'd—the work's begun,
Forgive it, and thy part is done.

Q. Why do bad people ſpeak ill of others?

A. Becauſe they think by leſſening their credit, to ſave their own.

Q. Why is the time of our death wiſely concealed from us?

A. To oblige us during life to live in expectation of it.

Q. Why is an obſcure quiet life, moſt deſirable?

A. Becauſe a great reputation, like a large expence, is not eaſily ſupported.

Q. From whence ariſe the great complaints we make againſt others?

A. From the little reflection we make upon ourſelves.

Q. To what may we compare the lives of many great men, as we find them recorded in hiſtory?

A. To a certain manner of painting, that to find its beauties, muſt be viewed at a proper diſtance.

Q. Who are they that grow rich by the ruin of others?

A. Lawyers and gameſters; as thoſe who engage in ſuits of law, and thoſe who engage in play, are both for recovering their loſſes, and ſeldom leave off till they are ruined.

Q. Who is he that may be ſaid effectually to put himſelf from under the protection of God?

A. He that diſtruſts his Providence.

Q. When may obligations be ſaid to be diſcharged?

A. When

A. When they that have conferred them, make their boaſt of them, by which means the perſon obliged, is foreſtalled in his acknowledgments.

Q. Why is the commendation of bad men never to be deſired?

A. Becauſe they ſeldom ſpeak well of any but thoſe that are like themſelves.

Q. Which is the beſt way to revenge reproaches?

A. Neither to merit, nor mind them.

Q. Why is good advice, ſaid to be the phyſic of the mind?

A Becauſe though it may be taken with difficulty, it is always kindly in its operation.

Q. When may the virtues of our anceſtors be ſaid to become our reproach?

A. When we degenerate from their good qualities, and are ourſelves ſtrangers to the virtues they poſſeſſed.

Greatneſs alone in *Virtue's* underſtood,
None's truly *great*, but he who's *good*.

F I N I S.